

Young Women

Read what Cardui did for Miss Myria Engler, of Faribault, Minn. She says: "Let me tell you how much good Cardui has done me. As a young girl, I always had to suffer so much with all kind of pain. Sometimes, I was so weak that I could hardly stand on my feet. I got a bottle of Cardui, at the drug store, and as soon as I had taken a few doses, I began to feel better. Today, I feel as well as anyone can."

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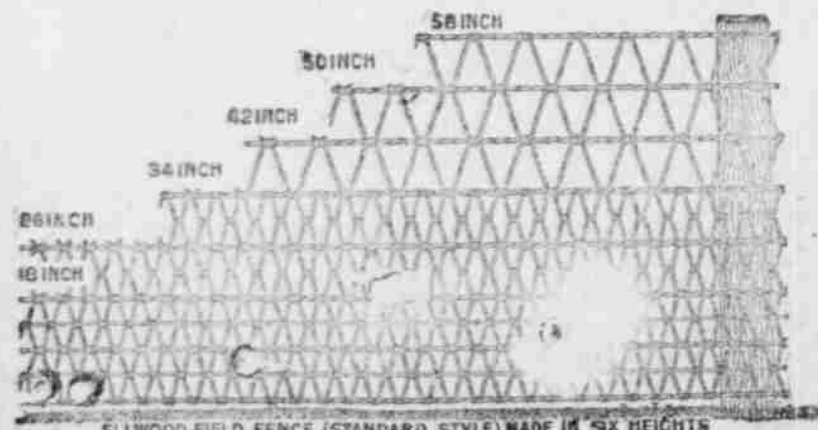
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DEHLER BROS.,

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Absher.

Mrs. W. P. Dillingham and daughters, Misses Bertha and Audra were in Columbia Wednesday.

Miss Bertha Martin is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Hardrick, of Ella.

Mr. J. C. Yates and son have moved their well drill to the farm of Mr. E. S. Rice near Cane Valley.

Mrs. Lizzie Bailey and Mrs. Alice Hendrickson, of Cane Valley, were guests of Mrs. Rufus Bailey last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Thomas, of near Campbellsville, were at Ben Thomas' last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Guss Jeffries, of Knifley, were the pleasant guest of Mr. W. A. Humphress Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Morgan and children, of Taylor county, returned home Monday after a weeks visit to her father, Mr. Geo. D. Bryant.

Misses Eva and Annie Morris were the pleasant guests of Miss Mary Lilla and Ethel Martin last Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Nance and children, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Knifley and children, Mrs. Mary Brockman and Miss Cleo Cave spent Sunday at Mr. W. H. Absher's.

Mr. N. R. Thomas and family, Mr. Ben Thomas and family, Mr. Ben Robertson and family, Mrs. Mattie Martin and children and Mr. Irvin Thomas and family gave Mrs. Rebecca Thomas a birthday dinner Saturday Oct. 6. She was eighty-five years old.

Mrs. Delaney Robertson is spending a few days with her son, Mr. Olen Robertson, of Cane Valley.

Zion.

Farmers are hustling with their work as they are in the midst of molasses making, corn cutting and wheat sowing.

Mrs. G. E. Powell's condition is no better at this writing.

Miss Mattie Young spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. F. G. Willis is slowly improving.

Misses Mary and Mable Willis of Tabor, spent Sunday with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Willis.

Miss Cordye Taylor of Montpellier, was the pleasant guest of Miss Dora Young Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Murrell, of Gadsberry, visited the family of Mrs. Elizabeth Murrell last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. E. R. Willis who has been sick for some weeks, has about recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Brockman have moved to their farm.

Saved by His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vt., is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds, it's the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, tonsillitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you. 50c. and \$1. Guaranteed by Paul Drug Co.

OLD MIRACLE PLAYS

Performed in Town Squares With the Crudest Kind of Scenery.

From the beginning of the pageant in the old mystery and miracle plays of the twelfth century to the elaborate and highly artistic productions of the twentieth is indeed a far cry. Not only was the work of these early actors far below modern histrionic standards, but the stage setting, although the most complicated effects were attempted, was of the crudest. The mysteries were performed in the town squares on two story scaffolds. Saints and angels descended from above on very visible ropes. The flood and the Red sea were represented by a hole dug in the square and filled with water and so small that a row-boat might only with difficulty turn around therein. Here sea voyages were made from Marseilles to Palestine with one shove of the oar. These were the properties. Irrepressible medieval imagination and the rest.

The mystery plays were dramatizations of the Bible performed by the different trade guilds of the town, each guild giving the part of the story established as its own by immemorial custom. The fishwives and prentices from all the country round thronged into York or Chester whenever a pageant was to be given. Royalty frequently graced the performances.—From the Four Seas.

BRIDES IN WHITE.

It Was Mary Stuart Who Set the Fashion For That Color.

The majority of brides choose white when selecting their wedding dress because it is the conventional color, and many persons are of the opinion that it always has been favored. As a matter of fact, it is of comparatively modern origin, and in most eastern countries pink is the bridal color.

During the middle ages and in the renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colors. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue, which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade.

It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis II. of France in 1558, which took place not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length.

This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white—the color worn by royal widows—became popular for bridal garments.—London Sketch.

Jefferson and the Patent Office.

The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the secretary of war and the attorney general to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging a production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the state department and a few pigeonholes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it and devoted himself to it as a hobby.

The Caster Girl's Plumes.

Ostrich plumes are as much of a necessity to the London coster girl on her outlairs as are the pearl buttons to her masculine companion, and the big trimmed hats with their drooping feathers are familiar in all gatherings of this class. Many of the girls cannot afford to keep their money tied up in useless plumes, and there thrives a brisk industry in the hiring of these feathers. The loan of a single plume for a day costs a quarter, or for a dollar a gorgeous trio may be had for an outing, to be returned promptly the next morning. Weather conditions cause the terms to fluctuate somewhat, since a wet or foggy day will take the curl out of the feathers and make recurling necessary, for which "Archie" has to pay an extra quarter.—London Tit Bits.

"Stint" and "Stunt."

Stint is a good word as a noun. As a verb it means something not quite so pleasing. Do not confound it with stunt, however. A stunt is something quite useless. It is the horseplay of the mountebank and has nothing in common with honest, productive labor. A stint is the warning to the wise that something demands to be accomplished, a goad to the lazarard that time is on the wing.—Atlantic.

Gone to Waste.

"I don't like the way they reported my speech," complained the new congressman.

"Why, they sprinkled in plenty of laughter and applause."

"Yes, but how about all those gestures?"—Kansas City Journal.

CrUEL.

Wife—John, I gave Fido one of those erasers I made, and he went and buried it. Hub—I'm not surprised. He probably took it for a bone.—Boston Transcript.

Just What They Wanted.

"Don't take that fellow on your football team. He's a chronic cough."

"But what we want is a good kicker."—Baltimore American.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Proved Friendship.

The affairs of the firm were in such a bad way that the creditors met to take action, and the head of the firm was in consultation. He had this to observe:

"I owe you all a lot of money which I cannot pay now. But look at my orders! If I can keep going for six months you will get your money. If you close me up you will hardly get a nickel on the dollar. Give me six months longer and I will give you notes at 5 per cent. What will it be—bankruptcy or a chance for all of us to pull out?"

The creditors conferred in secret, agreed to take the notes and made the announcement. They had put on their hats and coats and were walking out when one of them got the high sign from the merchant.

He lagged behind and said, "What is it?"

"You have always been a good friend of mine," whispered the merchant. "I am not ungrateful, and I want to tell you something if you will keep it to yourself—I'll make you a preferred creditor."

"How can you do that?"

"You're the first one to know that the notes won't be any good."—Chicago Post.

Getting Her on Record.

"Am I the only man you ever loved?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed.

"There is no rich man whom you ever cared to marry?" he persisted.

"No rich man I would marry," she said.

"Or no rich man you might marry if you chose?"

"No, but why do you ask these questions?"

"I just want to get you on record before our wedding, so that afterward you won't be forever pointing out wealthy men to me as samples of what you might have had."—Detroit Free Press.

In Accord.

Very frequently the winter highways in the Yukon valley are mere trails, traversed only by dog sledges. One of the bishops in Alaska, who was very fond of that mode of travel, encountered a miner coming out with his dog team and stopped to ask him what kind of a road he had come over.

The miner responded with a stream of forcible and picturesque profanity, winding up with:

"And what kind o' trail did you have?"

"Same as yours," replied the bishop feelingly.—Lippincott.

Useless.

"I will go out with you," she said, "if you will promise not to rock the boat."

"Never mind," he sadly replied; "we will not go. If you think I'm fool enough to do that without being warned not to it will be useless for me to waste any more time with you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unlucky.

The First Chauffeur—I ran over an other baby this morning.

The Second Chauffeur—Phew! That was unlucky!

The First Chauffeur—Yes, rotten! Their damned feedin' bottles cut the tires up so!—London Sketch.

Safe.

"Why," asked the boss of the drug store, "do you want a red nosed man for the soda water trade?"

"I could feel sure that he would not drink up the profits," explained the manager.—Buffalo Express.

Memorized.

"Quite poetical, that Mr. Brown, he always addresses me as 'fair lady.'"

"Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor, you know."—Toledo Blade.

Insinuations.

He—Miss Gladys, I have something on my mind.

She—Oh, I see! There's a fly on your bald spot.—Baltimore American.

The Latest.

Dinner—A creme de menthe, waiter. Waiter (crying out)—One starboard light.—Boston Transcript.

A Long Felt Want.

"I would make me glad if we had had"

A more elastic currency.

The kind we've got

It stretches not—

At least it stretches not for me.

Give us a "hit."

So made that it

Will be so full of tensile oil

That when we slip

It is a tip

We'll duly gain from the recoil.

A rubber dime.

At luncheon time.

If it would stretch to quarter size,

Would suit my whim

Beneath a grin

Head waiter's avaricious eyes.

Give us a five.

That's so alive,

So springy and resilient,

That when we lend

It to a friend

It will return whence it has went.

A silver ounce.

So full of bounce

That it will make a dollar shy

Mount high enough

To pay for stuff

A silver dollar ought to buy.

And so I say.

"Hip, hip, hurrah,

For him who'll take our treasury

And give us soon

That needed boon.

A more elastic currency!"—Century.

THE

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Resolutions.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Fonthill Lodge No. 752, F. & A. M.:

Whereas, the Grand Architect of the universe has called from labor to refreshment Bro. J. R. Wade, a Master Mason, who first joined at the Friendship Lodge while a resident of the Goose creek section several years ago, but who at the time of his death was a demitted member.

Some of our brethren having joined the Fraternity at Friendship Lodge and by the request of them or the family Bro. Wade was accorded Masonic burial, on Sept. 1, 1912, having died Aug. 31, 1912 at the age of 78 years.

1 Resolved, that we extend to his family our sympathy and express our esteem for his many good qualities as a man and citizen.

2 Resolved, that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Lodge and a copy sent to the Adair County News for publication.

T. B. Tarter
G. K. Rexroat } Committee
W. N. Emerson }

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by Paul Drug Co.